

## Poetry.

### WHEN I GO HOME.

EUGENE FIELD.

It comes to me often in silence,  
When the firelight sputters low—  
When the black, uncertain shadows  
Seem wraiths of the long ago ;  
Always with a throb of heartache  
That thrills each pulsing vein  
Comes the old, unquiet longing  
For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of cities,  
And of faces cold and strange ;  
I know where there's warmth of welcome,  
And my yearning fancies range  
Back to the dear old homestead  
With an aching sense of pain ;  
But there'll be joy in the coming  
When I go home again.

When I go home again ! There's music  
That may never die away,  
And it seems that the band of angels,  
On a mystic harp at play,  
Have touched with a yearning sadness  
On a beautiful, broken strain,  
To which is my fond heart wording—  
When I go home again.

Outside of my darkening window  
Is the great world's crash and din,  
And slowly the autumn's shadows  
Come drifting, drifting in.  
Sobbing, the night wind murmurs  
To the plash of the autumn's rain ;  
But I dream of the glorious greeting  
When I go home again.

## Contributions.

### LOVERS OF PLEASURE.

B. C. MOOMAW.

"Lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." This was to be one of the signs of the last times, as if, when it came to that, it was high time to wind up the affairs of the world.

It is a characteristic of human nature that after the putting forth of energy, in some great task undertaken and accomplished, there follows a period of relaxation which more often than otherwise takes the form of self-indulgence. Labor performed, victory won, is held by a sort of tacit consent to give license for pleasure, and men in all ages have thus sought to solace themselves for the burden of toil, and to celebrate the prosperous tides of fortune and victory.

May we not find in this theory some explanation of the prevalent passion for pleasure which possesses the men and women of this generation? A few decades since we were grappling with the problems of existence; we were wrestling with the untamed wilderness; we were hewing our homes out of the wild forest or wide prairie; we were disputing the possession of a continent with fierce savages;

we were grappling with political and social evils which threatened our existence as a nation.

Now however these more serious problems have been solved. There is surcease from the great putting forth of individual and national energy. The continent has been transformed into a vast panorama of comfortable homes, fertile farms and prosperous cities. Invention has enlightened or annihilated toil in a thousand directions. The great national dangers of past years have disappeared, and there is little left to do, in the general estimate of things, but to enjoy the fruits of whole generations of aggressive industry and triumphant victory.

The recoil of this conquering energy is seeking its usual channels of material pleasure, and exposing us to all the evils and dangers which lie that way. How often has history exhibited this humiliating spectacle. How often has the puissant, invincible warrior sunk first into weak effeminacy, and then into irretrievable ruin. Emperors and empires have found their worst foes in that languorous disguise which lures the eyes of fools. More fatal than the fierce storm of war, lightning riven and thunder rolling, have proved the sighing zephyrs of voluptuous ease.

How often have we seen, in a smaller arena, the idle and self indulgent sons of sturdy sires spending in a few years the slow accumulations of toilsome generations. How often have we seen physical health, moral stamina, intellectual brilliance, character, reputation, hope and happiness withering, in this fearful miasma, into all the hateful and hideous contortions which mark the desolate depths of human degeneracy.

The essence of the fall was the enthronement of selfishness and self seeking. The ultimate aim of self seeking is the enjoyment for its own sake of some form of pleasure. Insatiable appetite, constantly excited to greedier desire, snatches from others by fraud or by force that it may add to its own gratifications. Hence comes hates, murders, wars and every other form of wickedness and inhumanity.

In its relation to this one supreme but ignoble ideal all else becomes as a means to an end. The love of money, for example, becomes the root of all evil because pleasure has no such loyal servant, no such powerful patron, no such resourceful caterer as gold.

Look in whatever direction we will and our eyes are saluted with the baneful proofs of pleasure's potent spell for evil. The stern voice of duty is drowned in the liquid melodies of her siren song. Her votary refuses to believe that there is

serious work yet to be done. If you tell him of evils which threaten the community and the State, he laughs at your fears. If you point out to him the marching columns of a great iniquity, he refuses to credit the most palpable proofs. If you bid him listen to the importunate pleading of perishing humanity, his ears are as deaf as a heathen god. His blurred intellectual vision and his blunted moral sense mark the ravages which pleasure has made on the spiritual side of his nature, and announce the approach of that ripening harvest of corruption awaiting those who have sown to the flesh.

Of what possible use to society is the pleasure lover when once this becomes his dominating passion? Do we turn to them for guides and helpers in the serious business of life? Do we find them fighting in the front ranks of the world's great moral battles? Do they hoist standard or carry arms against the oncoming armies of evil, surging up continually from the empire of darkness as the billows come up from the desolate expanse of the sea? Are they part and parcel of that saving salt for the sake of which God still spares a guilty world? Can you find a single spot in the soil of aggressive righteousness on which is the mark of their feet? Said Christ, "He that is not for us is against us." Is there a single pleasure lover for him? Do they follow where cross marks dent the ground? Do they give themselves to disinterested toil for the good of others? Do they walk with steadfast face the path which leads to spikes and thorns?

But why continue this interrogative? There remains to enforce this lesson; beware of the bewitching smile and beckoning hand of pleasure. Let self denial be often the burden of instruction in the family, the Sabbath-school, and the pulpit. Let it be the constant discipline of the earnest Christian. Promptly and firmly check the natural motions of selfishness and self-seeking in your own heart, and then in your child, your pupil or your people. No better foundation for strength of character, and for future usefulness and happiness can be laid.

Without it, however fair may manly or maidenly beauty adorn the brow, however brilliant may be the blaze of genius, however generous may be the grant of nature's gifts, however lavishly may fickle fortune fling her favors, there can be but one result, disappointment and despair, wreck and ruin, and a final rushing down to darkness, like a star sliding down the roof of the sky, its glory at last snuffed out in the impenetrable depths of black night.

A GROWING Christian never spends much time in looking at himself.